goot[3]: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will
change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. HEN. Now, herald; are the dead number'd[4] ?

HER. Here is the number of the slaughter'd-
French. *[Delivers a Paper.*

K. HEN. What prisoners of good sort are taken,
uncle ?

EXE. Charles duke of Orleans[5], nephew to the
king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Boucicualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. HEN. This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights[6]:

3 — your SHOES is not so goot:] In the most minute parti-
culars we find Shakspeare as observant as in matters of the highest
moment. *Shoes* are, above any other article of dress, an object of
attention to the common soldier, and most liable to be worn out.
MALONE.

4 Now, herald ; are the dead number*d ?] I have little doubt
but that this defective line was originally written as follows:
** Now, herald, are the dead *on lolh sides*
number'd? "
STEEVENS.

5 Charles duke of Orleans, &c.] This list is copied from Hall.
POPE*
It is taken from Holin$hed, MALONE.

6 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:] In an-
cient times, the distribution of this honour appears to have been

customary, on the eve of a battle, So, in Lawrence Minot's 6th
Poem on the Successes of King Edward III, p. 28:

** *Knightes* war thar wele two score,
** That war *new dubbed to that dance*—."

STEEVENS.